

THE FRIEND OF ARMENIA

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Organ of the Society of the "Friends of Armenia,
And Helpers in the Relief of Distress among Syrians and other Sufferers in the Near East."

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Map showing distressed districts and relief stations administered by the Committee for the relief of the Near East. Each place marked with a star is the centre of relief for the surrounding country regions.

Friend of Armenia.

NEW SERIES, No. 75.]

JANUARY, 1920.

[1S. PER ANNUM, POST FREE.]

FOREWORD.

Dear Friends,

Another year has dawned upon the world, and the fate of Armenia—so long a source of anxiety—is still uncertain. During the year 1919 her case has been much discussed and publicity given to it through the press, speeches in the House of Commons, and mention made of it at the Peace Conference. Still we wait and hope, for we believe that her day of freedom must come, and that the conscience of the world will recognise her claim among the Nations to just and righteous Government.

There is cause for thankfulness for the many friends who have by their sympathy, financial aid, and in other ways, so generously continued to encourage the Missionaries to "hold on" in their work of mercy. How good it is to feel there are so many who do not allow their love and sympathy to be limited by home cares, but with large hearts have stretched forth a helping hand to those in distress, especially to the persecuted ones.

On November 25th, at the invitation of the British Armenia Committee, several of our Executive Committee Members attended a Meeting at the House of Commons to discuss what could be done to further the immediate protection of the Armenian people, as America had not decided to accept a Mandate for Armenia. The British troops had been withdrawn, and the future of these poor sufferers gave cause for anxiety. However, the French troops are in occupation of some parts of Asia Minor; we trust their presence may prevent further massacre, though relief work continues to be urgently needed, the conditions of the refugees being deplorable. How can these people, who have lives and hopes the same as others, do without outside help? Their homes are ruined (see p. 4) their trades disorganised, and they are suffering both physically and mentally through their long years of want, privation and fear.

Unfortunately we have to report that the Camp at Port Said has been closed, and the refugees are returning to their former villages. Miss Cunningham and Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Fox, who were our representatives at the Camp, have now reached Brumana in the Lebanon district, where they are organising the same kind of Industrial work as at Port Said, among the many Armenian and Syrian refugees gathered there.

On the following pages will be found letters from various workers who look to us for continued support of their labours. It is good to hear again from Mrs. Christie of Tarsus, from Mrs. Eby of Hadjin, as well as the faithful workers, Miss Salmond, Miss Frearson and Miss Burgess, who are carrying on their work under great difficulties now that winter increases the sufferings of the homeless refugees for whom they labour so devotedly.

Owing to the various changes in the East it has

been considered desirable to make an addition to the Title of our Society, and it was agreed by the members of Committee present on 27th November, 1919, that it would be well to add the following words:—"and for the Relief of Distressed Syrians and other Sufferers in the Near East." At the same Committee Meeting it was agreed to remove several of the names from the Executive Committee to the General Committee, and to remove a few names from both Committees.

We are glad to report that Capt. Gracey is still at Erivan and is doing all he can to mitigate the suffering there.

The year 1919 has brought many changes in the work, but through all we have indeed felt the guidance and uplifting power of the Great Giver, and we can give praise for wonderful openings whereby further interest has been secured, and for an increase in monetary aid. The total amount received during 1919 for all purposes is £11,198, which shows an increase of £2,573 on the previous year's receipts. The various amounts used for the Relief work and orphan remittances and in payment of goods from the Port Said Camp during the year are as follows:—

Constantinople, Relief Work ...	£904	8	11
Constantinople, Flannelette and Haberdashery for Refugees ...	664	18	3
Constantinople, Calico and Prints for Refugees ...	302	18	0
Constantinople, Stockings for Refugees ...	89	7	6
Constantinople, Soap ...	19	0	0
Adana Relief Work ...	1001	0	0
Adana Hospital ...	2	0	0
Hadjin (for support of Nurse) ...	136	0	0
Hadjin Orphans ...	4	14	6
Urfa Relief Work ...	11	2	0
Marash Relief Work ...	373	2	0
Marash Orphans ...	470	16	7
Marash Orphanage ...	27	0	0
Marash Helper's Salary ...	60	0	0
Aintab Relief Work ...	7	0	0
Aintab Orphanage ...	2	0	0
Aintab Orphans ...	585	10	0
Bardezag Orphans ...	362	10	0
Caucasus Relief Work ...	1050	10	0
Caucasus—Medicines, Cotton sheeting			
Needles and Cottons, for Refugees	347	15	11
Jerusalem, Armenian Orphans at ...	60	0	0
Jerusalem—Share of Mission Helpers Salary ...	30	0	0
Port Said—Special Orphans ...	10	0	0
Port Said—Payment of goods received from the Camp ...	2112	12	5

£8,634 6 1

The gifts of clothing from all friends who have helped to relieve the suffering in this way have been most welcome. Not only have these parcels given delight when opened and re-packed for shipping, but we are assured will bring comfort and happiness to those who need clothing so urgently.

To all who have given of their time, their money, or have organised Sales, or in any way encouraged us in the relief of our less fortunate brothers and sisters, we offer our hearty and sincere thanks. Our hope is, that the spring and summer will bring light to break upon this dark situation. May the joy of feeding hungry men, women and children, bring its own joy to those whose gifts we receive. With that hope in our hearts, in spite of the suffering still to be endured by the poor people, we can look forward to the dawn of a golden future for this faithful and gifted race.

Yours gratefully,
MARGARET RUSSELL.

In Memoriam: ARAM RAFFI.

By the untimely death of Aram Raffi, Armenia has lost one of her most gifted sons and the Armenian cause one of its most ardent advocates. To all who knew him the flaming sincerity of his patriotism was constantly visible; to all who knew only his work and writings it was obvious that in him inherited talents were joined to passionate love of country and hatred of oppression in every form.

Bearer of an illustrious name, Aram Raffi, the elder of the two sons of the "Walter Scott of Armenia" and scion of an ancient family, was born at Tabriz on August 15th, 1876. Shortly after his birth, his mother joined her celebrated husband at Tiflis, and it was in the Armenian college there that the boy received his education. At the early age of 14 he began to write critical essays on 17th century Armenian literature, under the *nom-de-plume* of "Zareh Titanian," and his analytic judgment made a great impression on those who had an opportunity to scan its first essays. In 1895, Mrs. Raffi and her sons came to London, and at University College Aram Raffi followed a course of study, taking as a special subject English literature. Languages and literature were his chosen field of activity. His knowledge of the English classics was attested not only by the colour which it gave to his own work, but also by the presence of a tremendous number of standard English authors in his library—a library of national value, as it contains an almost complete collection of English books on Armenia published during the last four centuries.

As a linguist Aram Raffi excelled. For some years he taught Russian, Arabic and Persian, numbering among his pupils many distinguished Englishmen. To a comprehensive grasp of six or seven tongues he joined a theoretical knowledge of some fifteen or twenty others.

His patriotism first found scope in the organization (in 1898) of an Armenian Society in London—the nucleus of the present Armenian United Association, and it was he who, on its reconstruction in 1912, first edited and directed *Ararat*. During the Russo-Japanese war he acted as secretary to the Russian

Press Agency, and carried out his duties with his wonted energy and ability.

In 1913, Mr. Raffi accompanied Mr. Noel Buxton and the Rev. Harold Buxton on their journey to the Caucasus and Armenia (to him *terra cognita*, as he had travelled there in quest of literary material ten years earlier) and contributed several valuable chapters to the book *Travel and Politics in Armenia*, which his fellow-travellers published on their return; later he wrote a long essay on the epics, folklore and mediæval poetry of Armenia for Miss Zabelle C. Boyajian's very beautiful volume. *Armenian Legends and Poems* (J. M. Dent and Sons).

This brief sketch is very far from comprising the sum total of Aram Raffi's literary and patriotic labours. In addition to his essays and articles in the English and Armenian press, he wrote some witty comedies, several of which have been produced with success, and left unfinished more than one historical drama.

Of Mr. Raffi's work at the Armenian Bureau in London it is not necessary to attempt a detailed account: its great variety and its tireless prosecution are fresh in the memory of his compatriots, and have received a full and deserved meed of praise in the Armenian press all the world over. More than 27 pamphlets were edited and published under his direction in the short time—less than two years—that he was secretary of the Bureau. Into its manifold activities he threw himself with unrelenting zeal; and, in a sense, he may be said to have laid down his life for Armenia as truly as any Armenian soldier fallen on the field of honour. He worked and died for his country.

In the spring of 1918 a serious attack of pleurisy shook a constitution at no time over-robust; lung-trouble followed; but, though his friends induced him to go to Sussex for a short rest, he would not remain inactive long enough to give himself a fair chance of recovery. Defying the doctors, he returned to his post at the Bureau, only to break down after a few strenuous weeks there. To the very last—even to the day of his death—he took a lively interest in all that was being done at his old scene of action, and exacted from his brother, who stepped into the breach, a full account of the events of each day. The end came very peacefully on November 12th, at 6.30 p.m.

Like many other gifted men, Aram Raffi owed much to the high character and the fine qualities of his honoured mother. To her the sympathy of every Armenian will be given without stint.

The funeral took place at Kensal Green on Nov. 17th, when the obsequies were most impressively conducted by Bishop Abrahamian, spiritual head of the Armenian community in London. Many prominent Armenians were present, and many had sent floral tributes of great beauty.

From distinguished compatriots in many countries Mrs. Raffi and her surviving son received telegrams of cordial sympathy in their loss. It is a loss which is shared by Armenia, and the memory of Aram Raffi will not soon fade in the land where his father will never be forgotten.

A Memorial Service was held at the Chapel of the Kilburn Orphanage on Sunday, 28th December

—*Ararat*.

AINTAB NEWS.

October 20th, 1919.

My dear Miss Russell—I was just out to start on a visit to some needy villages when your letter arrived, and very soon after my return I was down with fever, which kept me weak for some time. I thank you and your Committee very sincerely for the £100 which you say you have sent to the National Bank in Egypt. The money will be a great help to us. Then this week I have a letter from dear Miss Dawson, saying



"ONE OF THE SUFFERERS."

she had sent me £100, and also word from Mr. Peet that he had credited the Aintab Station with that amount. I cannot tell you how thankful we feel, for words are poor. Just at this time our hearts are sick over the reports we hear. You no doubt in England will know as much, and probably far more, than we do about affairs. One wonders what is going to become of the poor Armenians. One wonders what the future will bring for them; after a

time when everything seemed as though it was going to work out a brighter future for them, to be left without anyone definite to give them any support, seems like a horrible nightmare, and one cannot think it is true. Yesterday we sung in Church, Luther's fine old hymn, and we stayed our hearts upon God; we know He NEVER fails, although we may not be able to understand His ways. He holds us fast. The boys who were on your list have most of them found work of some sort, but the little ones we sent to Marash to be in the Orphanage there, as the Matron was too tired to continue her care of them, and we thought they were too few to rent a separate building for. I have taken in quite a lot of new boys that we shall be most grateful for the support of. I will gladly send you a list, if you will let me know how many I may count on; also their pictures and stories. The villages I visited were in a sad state of need. In one, 80 out of 100 houses completely demolished; 215 people out of the 700 that left the village when exiled have returned. For the lot there are twenty houses, every one of them needing much repairs! In the next village there are many caves, so they have made their homes in them—but oh! the need and sickness. I took some simple things—quinine, eye lotion, etc., etc.—but did not have near enough. As a result, since my return several orphans have been brought to us. Wishing you God's richest blessing and guidance.

I remain, yours sincerely,
M. KITTY FREARSON.

EXTRACTS OF LETTER FROM MISS FREARSON TO A FRIEND.

Aintab,

Oct. 30th, 1919.

"Since I wrote things have considerably brightened here, and some French have come in, but not many soldiers—and they Armenians! But we feel that the French are some protection for the Christians. There are a great many threats, but our General thinks they will stop at that: I hope they do. For a little while we had contemplated trekking out with our troops, but the difficulty was where to? Then having to leave everything behind us, and go with only the food we could carry and a blanket, with all our little ones, seemed impossible. Then I suggested that two of the American ladies take their own and my bigger girls, and that I should stay with the little ones belonging to all; but the arrival of the French has set us all at rest for the present, but we need your prayers. How precious God's promises are these days, and we know nothing can touch any of His children but what He permits. It may be that for a time you will not hear; I do not know. Even now it seems impossible to get a letter or telegram to or from the coast. I hope the country will not be closed, as it was in 1914-15—it is so like being in a trap. My strength, appetite, and sleep, have returned, and we have much to praise for; an earnest Pastor being one of our blessings,

November 1.

Just a few lines to send by our men, as they leave in the morning. The French have come in, and in spite of many threats by the Turks, things look brighter. On Saturday I was introduced to the French Colonel. He seems a fine man, elderly, and has lived twenty years in Morocco, so knows the Moslems. He said he wanted to help the Christians, and wanted advice about setting all classes, sexes, and ages to work. When our General mentioned my fears for the villages, he said they would certainly attend to them, and said it was their intention to continue the work of rescuing girls from Turkish harems, just as our men had been doing. Everyone seems to like the Colonel. Yesterday the Pastor, who is a man of about thirty-five, when speaking of heaven, said, "There will be no one to fear! All my life I

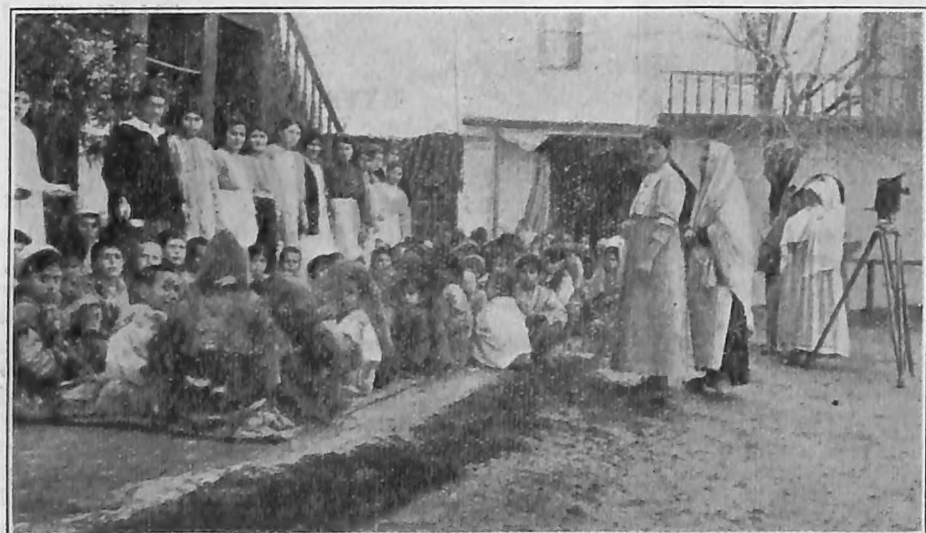
have never known a single day when I have been without fear, but there I shall be free. Oh, think what it will mean to us!" As he spoke I thought how awful to think he has never known any other kind of life. To-day two new girls have come. Neither have a living relative. It was pathetic listening to their stories. How one's father died while being beaten, the little sisters and brothers from hunger, and finally the mother, and as she told it the tears flowed. How honoured I felt to think that to me was given the privilege of mothering these little ones. Poor little mites. The weather is beautiful here, which is a great blessing for the poor—in fact, for all of us. Still, unless the rain comes soon, it will not do for the crops. We shall greatly miss our men. They have been kind in lending animals to carry our wheat to the mill, etc., etc.

MARASH NEWS.

Marash,

Oct. 3rd, 1919.

My dear Miss Russell—I have got back from our little Hill House, and all my girls have had the week of good fresh air; we had water also in our cistern, which made it much nicer. Now I am very busy, for the schools are opening, and much has to be arranged. Many thanks for your letter of August 26th. Then you ask about sending parcels, and I am told the swiftest and surest way Do them up and send them on, for I assure you we



"GATHERED IN AND BEING CARED FOR" ON A MARASH STREET.

take everything; the need is so great, not only in Marash, but the Christian villages around were cleared out, and the homes destroyed, and now the people face the winter in want. Many thanks for the money Committee voted for me. Oh, I am so grateful, words cannot express it. Of my own need what can I say? I have got through in a wonderful way. I would like to say more, but let this go to-day with very many thanks.

Sincerely yours,
AGNES C. SALMOND.

the people in an awful condition—800 widows and orphans, and old men who have been exiled, but were now being sent back to their homes—no house, no work, nothing. We have been working for them; even here this morning twelve or more came to this hospital gate, demanding to see me. I have just sent £15 through a trustworthy man who went with me, to be given to the neediest. I am so glad this £250 came, and the £60 which Mr. Brooks sent I had been able to get cashed in Aleppo, so I had that as ready money by me. I hope the way will open as

Marash Hospital,

December 15th, 1919.

My dear Miss Russell—I am sure you will excuse my pencil. The Doctor tells me I shall be here three more weeks, so I seek patience. I have been most remiss about writing. In September began a sore on the back of my right hand, and it kept on, in spite of treatment, all through October and November, but now it is healing. Then this fall. In the beginning of October I went to a village five-and-a-half hours from here, where I found not one house standing, and

easily to get this larger sum cashed also. Please tell dear Mr. Brooks that I have his note and the copy enclosed from Constantinople. I shall wait a few days to see if they will communicate with me, for at present we have here no British Official of any position; we are peculiarly situated. I have been doing nothing with the Industrial work. The A. C. R.N.E. put in new looms at Ebenezer, and restored the broken-down walls; and they have been weaving all the cloths for the children and widows; it is so coarse, and the dyes are so bad, I felt that no one would buy it in London; but it may be when I am able to be about again the way for that also will open. Your last letter was written November 17th, and this

necessitated her being kept in Hospital at Marash. It is a great relief to have received the above letter written by herself, as the Committee were anxious about her condition.—(Ed.).

Marash Hospital, Marash,

December 26th, 1919.

My dear Miss Russell—Can you believe it, I spent Christmas Day in bed—my seventh week, but friends have been so kind, good, true, that I really had a happy day there.

I had your letter, also of December 2nd, and that brought me good cheer about the most generous and



"THEIR ONLY HOME."

is December 15th, so we are coming nearer, and I hope all problems are being solved effectively and righteously. Friends are helping me much, and Marta, my Matron, looks after the children, and she comes every day to see me about things.

Sincerely yours,
AGNES C. SALMOND.

On January 9th we learned through a relative of Miss Salmond's that she had met with an accident about the middle of November, the nature of which she had not made at all clear. From the above letter, the only one received from her mentioning the accident, one gathers she must have had a fall which

kind decision of the Committee. Will you please convey my warmest thanks. I wrote you last week of having received the £60 sent, also I have the cheque for £250 and am so glad, and have made from my bedside even many needy ones to rejoice. The need is so great and more and more seem to be coming in from their exile every day. I have no word from Major Nicol, yet I hope the connections are as when you wrote. Our transport arrangements change so. More and more French are here. Trusting that you have every blessing that Christmas brings.

Yours sincerely,
AGNES C. SALMOND.

CONSTANTINOPLE NEWS.

LETTERS FROM MISS BURGESS.

Constantinople,

17th Oct. 1919.

DEAR Mr. Brooks—You will be surprised when I tell you that we have only now succeeded in getting the haberdashery and prints out of the Customs. How

lovely of you dear people to come to our aid. I wish you could see the recipients of your gifts, you would feel it a reward worth having. I am so much helped by the sympathy of all my home friends. Mrs. Christie's boxes are here, but when we shall be able to get them out of the *mahoonahs*, which are out in the stream, I do not know. There are more than 150

mahoonahs, full of merchandise, waiting their turn to be unloaded at the quay of the Custom House. I hope quite soon Mr. K., a friend of mine, who has gone to England, may find you out. I am now busy getting carpet looms up; some day I hope to have rich silk carpets to sell. Of course the work is new, and may be like my embroidery industry—slow in the beginning, but I hope it will be as successful. Sales of embroidery are excellent; I have much to encourage me. I am so glad dear Miss Harris got back; I have no home cares, she does all that—such burdens do not fall upon me. With a thousand thanks for all you have done, both in relief matters and in getting help out to us, in the way of workers.

Yours very sincerely,
A. M. BURGESS.

Friends Mission,
December 31st, 1919.

My dear Miss Russell—I shall be glad to do anything possible to aid in getting the clothing to those needing them in Marash. I will see Mr. Peet and find out how we can pass on the goods after their arrival. I fear we shall have duty to pay. I have heard that Miss Salmond is suffering from a fracture due to a fall. I do hope it is not a serious fracture. I believe it was

EXTRACT FROM LETTER RECEIVED FROM
MRS. N., CONSTANTINOPLE, DEC. 14th, BY
MISS H. E. WALLIS.

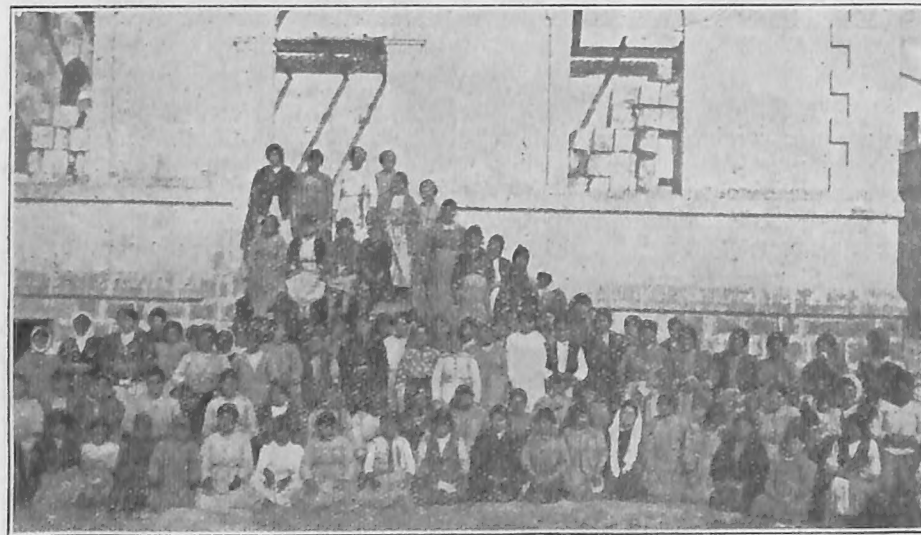
We have one building which is a home for 50 girls who are above 14 years. Girls and women who have been taken from the hands of the Turks, and have

her leg that had suffered in the fall. I will try and find out particulars. I am glad some of the things I sent have sold, we sell them well here, and our women are kept very busy; we shall, I fear, never have cheap work to offer again, wages are terribly high here. This month of December has cost me £T. 3,000 to keep the workers going and to find materials, but everything is dear here. We are making bedroom slippers, crochet tops and home made soles. The cost is just 100 pts. the pair, and we sell them for 100 pts., but we feel it good to have this work rather than give the women money without work. The wool is coarse but looks well in slippers, and we are selling them. Our toy work goes on well. We are making elephants, rabbits, donkeys, dolls of all sizes, and costumes of the country. I paint the faces in the evening sometimes. We have made hundreds of them and they sell. I wish you could come in and see all our work. Our carpet looms are not many yet; we have twenty girls at work on copies of celebrated rugs. Our Embassy gentlemen are much pleased and interested in our work. Rear Admiral Webb has written me a letter after returning to the Embassy from spending an afternoon here seeing the work. I shall wait for the bill of lading for the four bales of goods for Marash. May 1920 be a year full of encouragement and blessing.

A. M. BURGESS.

Our Committee has given me the privilege to write and raise interest among my friends. We have no income, we will appeal to friends, and we will ask gifts.

An Armenian gave the building, another gave 500 liras, he was an artist—his 1,000 pieces of paintings



THESE GIRLS WERE AMONG A LARGE NUMBER RESCUED FROM SLAVERY IN THE TURKISH HAREMS.

absolutely nobody to care for them. I am one of 5 who will superintend this home, where those girls will go to work in the sewing department, but they will live here. We have much to do for these. We have to give them evening lessons, lectures, Sunday school lessons, and do all we can to raise them from their present conditions.

were sold and he gave us part of it. To-morrow I will go with a lady to the merchants and ask blankets. We have no clothes, not anything, but we will try to do all we can. The Armenian Relief Committee gave us 200 liras to start, but you know how hard it is to fill an empty house, and we need provisions for their daily food. We need beds and furniture—wood and

charcoal—salary for a cook and teacher—and such like things. Hoping to our Heavenly Father and to our good friends we started. I hope you will appeal to some of your friends in England to send us some help which will encourage us so much. Since a fortnight I have been busy about this Home—we do want to make it useful.

We are 5 ladies, out of which 4 are Protestants. I am also a member of the American Relief Committee

and have 28 cases to look after every now and then, and give them bread and money which is sent to me by the Committee.

I am sure you could do something for this Home. For the present the girls are sleeping on some rags with their clothes. We are getting hay and such things to fill some cases and make them beds. And if we can gather enough blankets they will be very much pleased.

BARDEZAG NEWS.

Bardezag,
23rd November, 1919.

My dear Miss Russell—I must send you a line of joyful thanks, asking you to pass them on to the Committee, as I am simply overdriven at this moment. Your most generous gift of £100 could not have reached at a better time, for we had just received the intimation from the A.C.R.N.E., that their appropriations are to be cut down 60%, and that we must not expect any more food supplies for two or three months. I need to get in stores of wheat, especially as the American flour given us is that white kind, which is deficient in nourishing qualities, and must be supplemented by real wheat, if we are to build up the boys. Also we are having a burst of cold and snow, and many boys are still barefoot, for the American boot supply has given out, and what they have will very soon wear through; but we can now thankfully get what is needful, knowing that Old England will see us through. I am not forgetting all that God is doing, nor how all these blessings are first planned by Him. His Hand has led us every step of the way, and we can never sufficiently thank Him for His loving kindness.

Yours most gratefully and with kindest messages to old friends,
S. NEWNHAM.

Bardezag,
c/o O.C. Troops,
Ismid.
22nd December, 1919.

My dear Miss Russell—Many, many thanks for all your kind letters, and the generous help of the Committee. I am writing in a dirty little steamer, shut in between Turks and Greeks; started soon after 7 a.m., but as the boat played round for two hours, it will be after dark before we reach Constantinople. I had a wire from Mr. Buxton to-day, that they were in town, and communication by letter is so uncertain that I started right off, to talk over some tiresome complications. It is very tiresome, for there is no one at home to finish off the Xmas cooking. Life is so perplexing at times, and has been especially so of late. I have now sent my agent to Konia, where things are much cheaper, to bring tons of wheat and wool; it ought to save us a great deal in the end. We are most grateful for your help. I acknowledged the £100; and now with warm thanks, £250, and £11, private gifts. I am holding on to it, because the Near East Relief help was to be largely cut down in January (from what I hear this may possibly not be carried out), but they now charge us for all supplies—and we must see our way. I am getting shoes

and needful trouser material on British support; our poor little souls are still unshod: fifty entirely barefoot, and ground frozen, and the boots given the others not long ago are dropping to pieces. Everyone says British material is far away the best, but—I am begging my Committee not to send us any more goods. You have no idea the work it is to get things through. It is easier to buy goods in the country if we have the money sent, as you are doing. . . . You ask about spiritual work. We have our school service, which is sweet and homely. The head teacher spoke very simply yesterday, and the boys were most attentive and answered well. They are reverent and careful about their prayers. The boys are much better than I expected them to be—and that is a great thing. Now paper is used up, so excuse.

Ever gratefully yours,
SOPHIA NEWNHAM.

P.S.—I cannot possibly keep an orphan under £24 per annum. I will send you more information when I can. Perhaps prices will improve. Our whole existence is in the smelting-pot just now. Thank God you stand by us.

Telegram from Capt. G. F. Gracey.

Received December 6th, 1919.
Tiflis,
24th November.

Will begin Armenian Needle work, Erivan, on small scale. Send little capital for same purpose.—Medicines not yet arrived. Conditions of refugees very bad. American Committee trying to cope same. Urgent need of old or new winter clothing. Much disease prevails with heavy death toll.—GRACEY.

NEWS ABOUT THE CAUCASUS.

Topeka, Kans., U.S.A.
November 8, 1919.

DEAR Miss Russell—Your letter of July 18th was written the day I landed in New York. I have previously written you, in answer to a former letter, forwarded to me from the Caucasus, that I was compelled to leave the Caucasus on account of a very severe attack of typhus. The effects of the fever were even more serious than I believed. Our Board in Boston refuses to approve of my return on account of my health until next summer. Of course I realize that they are right, but it is a great disappointment to me.

I have no doubt that the £500 sent through your

Foreign Office to me at Tiflis will be obtained by the proper person there. Rev. E. A. Yarrow should be addressed now in my place.

That £500 will be most useful. In spite of all the money which is going from America, it is not sufficient. A man who returned from Erivan some months after I wrote, told me that he does not think that many people are starving to death now. Even though that is much better than it was last winter, it is not a happy situation. It is terrible to have anybody starving to death.

The orphanage established by Dr. Raynolds was doing its good work when I left Erivan, June 4th. There are about, exactly I think, 125 chosen boys in it—boys of good character, good mind, and good physique. The native Armenian Superintendent is Mr. Hagop Moudoian. He is a splendid Christian man, who is very devoted to that work, and who does



"HUNGRY AND HELPLESS."

all he can to influence the character of the boys. I cannot inform you who is now the American in charge, as the man who was in charge of it when I left has just returned to America. You could address a letter to "The American Director of the Erivan Boys' Orphanage, established by Dr. G. C. Raynolds in 1917," and mail it to Mr. Yarrow, American Relief Committee, Tiflis, and he would put it into the hands of the right person.

Thank you and the Friends of Armenia for the assistance which you have so generously given to this work.

Sincerely Yours,
HARRISON A. MAYNARD.

Foreign Office,
20th January, 1920.

Madam,—With reference to your letter of July 14th

last enclosing cheque for five hundred pounds for Armenian relief work at Erivan, I am directed by Earl Curzon of Kedleston to state that His Lordship has received a letter from the Treasurer of the Caucasus Branch of the Near East Relief Administration, to whom your donation was forwarded, to the effect that the sale of the draft for five hundred pounds produced three hundred thousand roubles, which was expended in maintaining two hundred Armenian orphans at Erivan for thirty days. The Treasurer requests that you may be informed of the above and that an expression of the sincere thanks of the Relief Administration may be conveyed to the donors for their generous assistance in taking care of these Armenian children.

I am, Madam,
Your most obedient humble servant,
(Signed by)
The Under-Secretary of State.

The Secretary,
Friends of Armenia,
47 Victoria Street, S.W. 1.

News from Former Representative now in Syria.

Brumana, Box 166,
Beyrout, Syria,
Nov. 30th, 1919.

DEAR Miss Russell—I received your kind note, and Mr. Fox has handed me the cheque you sent to forward to Mr. Reynolds at St. George's School, Jerusalem. The two boys, if you remember, were to have gone to this school in the first place, to be with Mr. Reynolds, who worked in our Camp for a year, but the military would not allow them permits at that time, so we sent them to the C.M.S. School at Cairo; then last April (I think) Mr. Reynolds fetched them, and took them to Jerusalem. I have suggested that he writes direct to the Friends of Armenia about them as to further funds. They are such nice lads, and well worth spending money on. Also Mr. Reynolds is a first-rate trainer of boys of this type; they could hardly be under better care or influence. We are now wading through beginnings of things, and have not yet got sufficient rooms at our disposal to make much of a start, but we have begun a little dressmaking, and have made a few well-shaped crochet hats of handspun natural wool. These we fluff out and trim with worked hat bands, and I think we shall easily sell them for 10/- to 15/- each. They look similar to those in the shops in London, and will wear and wash well. Of course it will be some weeks yet before we shall be able to send you some samples. This is quite the best plan to follow, I am sure, as you will then be able to judge yourself what you are likely to sell best. etc. We are nine miles from Beyrout, and a carriage (if procurable) costs £1 up or down. There is no regular convenience running, except two motors of the Syrian and Palestine Relief Fund, which have to connect various villages in the neighbourhood with the Brumana food and clothing centre, besides other work. Later on, things will no doubt improve. We are anxiously awaiting the arrival of some of the goods from England, especially the looms. But in

some departments we can make a start as soon as ever the rooms are ready, because I brought out with me a small stock of various things for the purpose; also there are a few things available for the purpose here. I think the toy department promises well. One of our probable "helpers" has already made a first-rate doll from the patterns I brought, and she thinks that the girls here will take to it and do well. The journey out here was most trying at times, and at others most pleasant. It only took two weeks and a day, and I had five days in Alexandria. The Bishop's sister, Miss McInnes, was with our party, and took a keen interest in our Brumana plans for the work. I must not add more, except every good wish for the New Year.

Yours very sincerely,
T. H. CUNNINGTON.

PROMISING ORPHANS.

Girls' High School and Training College,
Jerusalem, Palestine,
Nov. 19th, 1919.

DEAR Miss Russell—Thank you very much for the cheque for £60, for the three little Armenian orphans, which I received to-day. All three are doing so well in school; they are very bright and promising—unusually so—and so responsive in every way. I do hope we shall be able to carry them on with their education to a stage when they will be able to earn their own living. I will ask Asanet to write another letter soon to the lady who is helping to support her.

Our work is going ahead this year. We have quite a number of Armenian girls, as well as Jewesses, Moslems, Syrian Christians, and other nationalities. One older Armenian girl, who went home to Aleppo, has returned to Jerusalem to us this year, as there were no schools in the North sufficiently advanced for her to continue her studies in, and I hear that another very nice girl, of a leading Armenian family, who went back to Adana this summer, is also to return to us for the same reason. We are giving classes in Armenian this year in the school, so that they shall not fall behind in the study of their own language.

Two of our older students this year, both boarders and Armenians, are going in for the training course, with a view of fitting themselves to be of use to their own people when they return to Armenia. They are

such steady, earnest girls, it is such a pleasure to have them with us.

Yours sincerely,
MABEL WARBURTON.

In the January 1919 number of the magazine there appeared a photograph of three little Armenian girls who needed patrons. One lady has kindly undertaken to support the child named Asanet, and the Committee voted money for the support of the other two sisters for another year. The letter printed above is in acknowledgment of the money and shows that the remnant of this suffering race are well worth supporting.—(Ed.)

Letter from Mrs. Christie, Tarsus.

Nov. 12th, 1919.

DEAR Miss Russell—Yours of last March, I fear, was never answered; work overwhelmed us after Mr. Christie's return in April. I had thought to write a circular letter, like the enclosed, many weeks ago. I now mail from Constantinople, where I came two months ago for a little change, and to be with my youngest daughter, Jean, for a time. . . . When I return to Tarsus I hope I can get accurate statistics, and assign new boys where the former ones were lost. Friends must be very patient with us these first months. Many new boys are coming to us. My husband writes of great need of money and of more helpers, especially as Mr. and Mrs. Nilson have recently gone to Adana to help out there, leaving Mr. Christie and Mr. Tibbets as the only Americans in the Institute. Mr. Christie also does much for the Church and city. The people of all ranks, religions, and nationalities look to him for advice and sympathy. . . . These are times of wonderful opportunity, and one wishes she could multiply herself many times in service. There is to be a New East: we older ones will not see more than the faint dawn of its coming. Those who will come after us will see great and wonderful changes. May God give us all wisdom to act our part well, and to leave behind us an upbuilding influence that shall live on long after we are personally forgotten. . . . You at the Rooms have been faithful and true, helping always, and doubtless praying for us, as we have done for you. . . . Remember me as before to each and every friend we still have among you who are the "Friends of Armenia."

Yours sincerely,
CARMELITE B. CHRISTIE.

REPORT FROM MRS. CHRISTIE, TARSUS.

Saint Paul's Collegiate Institute,
Tarsus, Asia Minor,
October 26th, 1919.

OUR very dear Friends—It is impossible for me to write to each one of you, although my heart counts you individually, and has some message of love and appreciation for just you yourself. Please forgive me that for this time I make one letter do for you all. In the case of a majority of you, no word has passed directly between us for from three to five years. This was, of course, due to war conditions.

Still, your gifts have been a proof that you held us in remembrance. These have come to us through Miss Wheeler, of the National Armenian Relief Association, Mr. Paul E. Nilson, the American Board, and the Friends of Armenia, in England. We thank you most heartily that you did not forget us during those years of silence, but in the time of our sore need and deepest distress you sent us money to use for the relief of the suffering we saw on every side. We used this for the special purpose designated. I do wish you might have been in our place, for even a few days, to see for yourselves, since I can never tell you in

words, how much your help meant, particularly to the little family of orphans you made it possible for us to keep with us, and to those in the city who were ill, blind, or crippled, and so could earn nothing, and had no one left to support them.

All about us was dark, and we were many times obliged to hide the boys we were trying to save, as also the women and girls we often ventured to keep on our premises. This was especially difficult to manage when nearly all of our compound was occupied by Turkish soldiers. It would be too long a story to give you particulars of our many and varied experiences. Enough to say that in the midst of alarms we were kept personally in safety. Our suffering was chiefly through our sympathies as we saw our dear Armenian friends and neighbours sent into exile, not to mention the one hundred thousand other exiles who passed through Tarsus *en route* for far-away regions, from which our only word was of massacres and epidemics of typhus and cholera.

Of these we helped as many as possible with money, food, clothing, and medicine, and saved some from being deported yet further away.

There were pleasant experiences interspersed, and much for which to be thankful, particularly that we were allowed to continue our work even when political conditions were most threatening.

Now that the war is over, God is bringing back a remnant from the very jaws of death. Your hands have been stretched across the sea to feed and to clothe these sorely afflicted ones. They, and we, thank you, and bless you for this deed of love and mercy. You may well take to yourselves the "Inasmuch" assurance of our Lord when He says, "Ye have done it unto Me."

The work of reconstruction must go on. To each of us is given as large a share as we can compass; yours there, ours here; we are mutually dependent the one upon the other. Perhaps you think you have done enough, since you have already done so much.

To secure the great results that will bring ultimate and lasting good out of the terrible experiences of a four years' war, those who have suffered so much must be helped to fit themselves to use well the freedom which the near future promises them. This is especially true of the young. The advantages of a Christian education should be abundantly provided for them, and this without delay. They call upon us to supplement what they can do for themselves. We missionaries, connected with church and educational institutions, turn to you, dear fellow-workers, and ask you to increase your gifts in order that already existing institutions in Turkey may be well supported. Unless you do this generously, we are threatened by the necessity of letting pass by greater opportunities for service than were ever dreamed of in the years before the war.

Let me speak in particular of St. Paul's Institute, that you may understand how crippled we are at a time when we should be at our best. During the war, Tarsus was made a military centre; troops and wounded soldiers were all about us, in camp and hospital. Our premises were requisitioned by the Turks, first for the occupancy of a regiment; later for a convalescent hospital and as a prison for supposed spies.

At one time we cared for a number of British prisoners of war, brought from Kut El Amara. They came in a terrible condition physically; oh, so starved, and ill, and home-sick, that the very sight of them almost broke our hearts.

Doctors and Nurse Davies, Mr. Nute, and a young Armenian teacher, Mr. Damlamian, were untiring in their service in this emergency.

After the armistice came Armenian soldiers, enlisted under French officers. After a short time their places were taken by Baluchis from the Far East, commanded by English officers.

During the years of the war I was allowed to remain in one corner of our compound, and to retain the use of our oldest school building, in which we were able to carry on a day school and care for a small family of orphans.



"LONELY LITTLE ONES."

The number of students varied from 74 to 262, so we felt that it was quite worth while to preserve the continuity of the school. Naturally, we were watched, and were obliged to walk softly. We kept Friday as our weekly holiday. On the other hand, no objection was made by our Moslem students to our requirements. These included attendance at morning and evening devotional services, consisting of responsive reading of the Scriptures, the singing of our best Christian hymns, and repetition together of the Lord's Prayer.

As many of you know, my husband was kept in America during the war by circumstances beyond his control. My daughter, Mrs. Nute, and her little boy were also in the home-land. Her brave, efficient

husband elected to remain with me, but after a long and severe illness was obliged to join his wife. After his going away, I was left the only American in Tarsus, until last April, when Mr. Christie was able at last to return to his family and his work as President of the Institute.

His coming marked a red-letter day in the annals of the College and of the city of Tarsus. The dense crowd at the railroad station, and the flowers and songs and speeches of welcome that greeted him at the College, expressed the joy of a people who had for so many years looked up to him as to a father; nor were his and my joy less than theirs.

The British are still with us as our friends and protectors. They allow us to continue to use a part of our premises for school purposes, helped out by rooms which we have rented outside. We are also inconvenienced because of the loss of much of our most necessary school furniture, as dishes, tables, chairs, bedsteads, etc., of which we had an inadequate supply even before the war. These were destroyed on the premises, or lost by being "loaned" to the Turkish Military Hospitals and to officials whom we could not safely refuse to accommodate. Our buildings also were much damaged.

By the above you will see how ill prepared we were to receive the two hundred and fifty boarders who came to us in September, imploring us to accept them on almost any conditions.

The present generation of boys ought not to be left unprovided for on the uncertainty of what might be in the distant future. Already four years of opportunity have been lost out of the lives of those sent into exile or forced into military service. The government now in process of being established will need every man our Institutions can educate and train for laying anew the foundations of a nation whose God shall be the Lord, a nation with high ideals of service and loyalty. Moreover, the need for such men is immediate. May we not appeal to you, to each one of you, to increase your gifts, your interest, and your prayers for us as we try to do our share in this great and most important work of reconstruction?

To put our premises into proper shape, and to do the most necessary refurnishing, and to help us with general expenses we need at once fifteen thousand dollars (\$15,000). A part of this must also be taken to help us to pay the salaries of our teachers. The limited income from America, which we have in former years devoted to this purpose, is now inadequate, owing to the rise in salaries which the high cost of living has made necessary. It should be remembered, also, that since in very many cases tuition is collected from families recently returned from exile, this source of income is by no means what it ought to be in proportion to our expenses. As prices now are, the sum asked will do only what three thousand (\$3,000) would have done five years ago.

Please help us now with any sum you can donate, and in years to come your memory will be blessed wherever throughout this land the students of St. Paul's Institute are found as leaders among their people. If we can secure this addition to our income, it will be possible to carry on successfully the industries which we are establishing, confident that in time our orphans and other needy boys will become self-

supporting. We are sure you will approve of this and be the more willing to help us.

Those giving especially for orphans, please send as before, through our efficient and faithful fellow-worker, Miss Emily C. Wheeler, or to the Treasurer of Friends of Armenia, E. Wright Brooks, Esq. (for Orphans in St. Paul's Collegiate Institute, Tarsus), at 47 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W., London, England.

After the night has come the morning of a new day for the nations of this long-afflicted land. It is for us to plan great things, and to believe that the God of all the nations will be with us if we go forth with brave and loving hearts to take our part in the great opportunities of the near future.

Thanking you again for all that you have done for us in the past,

In behalf of myself and husband,

I remain sincerely yours,

CARMELITE BREWER CHRISTIE.

Marriage.

BURT—MARSHALL.—At St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, on 8th October, by the Very Rev. A. Wallace Williamson, D.D., Dean of the Thistle and Chapel Royal, assisted by the Very Rev. Alexander Martin, D.D., Principal of New College, Edinburgh, the REV. JAMES R. BURT, minister of the parish of North Berwick, to ANNIE CALDER, second daughter of the late THOMAS R. MARSHALL, Esq., Edinburgh.

[Our readers will remember Miss Annie Marshall who kindly sent various articles for publication in the Magazine. The above account of her Marriage will be of interest to those who have read the very interesting accounts of her experiences in the Near East.—Ed.]

Armenia Repatriate.

INTO the desert they drove us forth,
Of all but life bereft;
Out of the desert we're creeping back,
Bare life, itself, now left.

The roads are flecked with blood and rags,
The sands are strewn with bones,
And in the air forever there
Re-echo moans and groans.

We dare not hope to live; we starve;
A thousand deaths we die;
And, born of ancient misery,
New horrors 'round us lie.

O God! O God! Look down on us!
We cry with gasping breath,
A nation's soul goes out to Thee!
A people done to death!

Into the desert they drove us forth;
We're creeping back again;
Armenia repatriate!

God! Stir the hearts of men!

—Amy Sherman Bridgman.

"HOME TO OUR MOUNTAINS."

By Miss ETHEL STEVENS.

THE train journey from Damascus to Beirut is at any time magnificent. All the way down, the scenery of mountain, plain, and sea is almost beyond description. Imagine what joy it was to me to take this journey again after these five long years, and to revisit the Lebanon villages which I knew and where I worked in a mission hospital before the war. Now I have returned as a member of a British Relief Unit which is to work in Damascus for the next few months; but soon after my arrival, and before work was organised, I obtained permission to pay a short visit to my Syrian friends in Brumana, and to see something of the work being done there by the Syria and Palestine Relief Fund.

A train service runs to Beirut twice a week, and the journey takes about nine hours. Beautiful as it is, scenery is not very satisfying when one is hungry oneself, and the changed conditions of the land is vividly realized by the number of beggars who meet the train at each station. So many children ask in a miserable whine for the time at least, having lost all their smiles and childlikeness; even the gift of a coin only receives a plaintive "Thank you." I heard that many of these children are orphans, and quite destitute, living on what they get by begging, and sleeping at night in ovens and stables.

Arrived in Beirut one now has some uncertainty about getting up to the mountains. In the olden days a carriage with two horses could be hired, and one arrived in about three hours. Now horses are almost unobtainable, and one has to chance getting up on an army lorry with stores, or in a car, but then the journey only takes about half the time.

In Beirut I was fortunate to find a Relief worker down from the Brumana district, who was going up to another village with stores next day. We left in the morning on the front of a lorry, taking up Relief Fund stores of clothing, blankets, and condensed milk. Our arrival caused great excitement in the village, the car with its two soldiers apparently being as interesting as the bales inside. During unloading the crowd increased, and it was quite hard work to prevent everyone helping instead of the selected few, and the driver had an equally strenuous time preventing small boys crawling under his engine on tours of investigation.

After lunch we got to the real object of our visit—the week's distribution of clothing. The crowd was partly explained by the presence of a number from a neighbouring village, who were to be the recipients that day. Seventy families had been investigated, representing about 130 persons. A Syrian worker kept the door, and admitted them according to the order on the list, usually a mother with two or three of the family, sometimes the father and children, and occasionally an orphan child quite alone. We had decided to give one garment to each member, but not more than one dress in a family. It is easy to decide, but it is very hard to carry out, as family after family came in literally covered in patched rags, sometimes absolutely without underclothing, often also only a piece of material, sacking etc., pulled round the waist

with an apron to cover the so-called skirt. As a whole they accepted the one article per head with gratitude, but frequently the plea was, "Can't I have a skirt, too, or a dress? See, I beseech you, this is all I have, and the children also"; and the youngster's patched and ragged gown would be pulled up revealing a naked little body underneath. One simply ached to give more—two undergarments and a dress at least, but while this small neighbouring village provided seventy families with about 130 garments, the village we were in had 300 families on the list, and so on, all over the Lebanon. Thus a wide vision of the whole need has to be before one all the time, as one comforts the nakedness in front of one with promises of more next month if possible, and meanwhile picks out a shirt for the elder boy, and measures a tiny girlie for a gay print frock.

At sunset we had finished, and went for supper and bed to a high class Druse house in the village. The people followed in a crowd persistently, yet courteously. "Please when are you coming again"; "I beseech you, my name has not been written"; "Have pity, and look at my dress"; "I am still weak; may I have a tin of milk?"; "My son has fever, have you quinine with you?"; and so on, with also frequent requests for work. I felt like a modern Pied Piper on the one hand, and deep down wished that in these days two fishes and a few loaves, and their equivalent in clothes, might be made to satisfy the need of thousands.

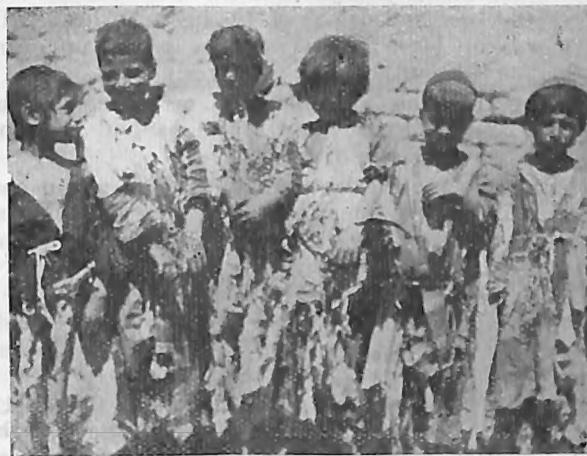
After supper we checked bales of cut out clothing, and arranged with the worker as to the number to be employed in making them up. Many more people need work than the Fund is able to use, so we employ some one week, some the next. Besides making clothing, about fifty are engaged in spinning sheep's wool, which is afterwards knitted into jerseys, skirts, etc.

Next morning, by means of a donkey through the valley, I reached Brumana, and had two days there. Only when one has lived in a place for years before the war, can one at all realize all that the famine has meant. The contrast is appalling. In the olden days nicely dressed children, often of well-to-do families, filled our two high schools; now pale orphans replace them, clothed in rough woollen garments made of undyed sheep's wool. Our Syrian teachers, often in past days dressed as well as ourselves, are now in faded things, patched and darned, and only too evidently showing their poverty.

All our buildings were stripped of furniture before the Turks left, so the children are sleeping on the bare tiled floors with any bedding that has been available. As a whole they are in fairly good condition now, though skin and eye diseases abound. The stories they represent would fill a book. "This girl was by her dead mother's side, and a dead baby across her; she was too weak to stand." "This child's parents and family all died of hunger. We found her just in time." Another wee tot of about four was met on the road, and offered a *mejedie* (2/6) for someone to come to her mother, who was dead. Asked how

she knew she was dead, she replied that she hadn't spoken for three days, and at night she didn't move when she slept with her. The worker found the mother dead, and asked the child if she had not feared to be alone with her; she replied, in a surprised tone, "Is one afraid of one's mother?"

I went into the village with one senior worker, and was shown many houses in ruins, and ownerless, with always the same story of how the occupiers sold all—matting, bed, roof, windows, etc., then got weaker and weaker till death came. Sometimes a single person, but often three or more, and even whole families disappeared in that way. Others have mortgaged their home and are otherwise so deeply in debt



"FEW OF THE MANY NEEDING LOVING SYMPATHY."

in the effort merely to live that it will mean poverty for the rest of their lives. The same worker, long in mission service, told me that the last few months before the British came they often could not eat the little they themselves had, owing to the moaning outside: "I am hungry"; "I must eat"; "Oh God, I am hungry."

A small group of Syrian Christians did relief work nobly all through the war, with very limited means, but they tell me they had got to the stage when there was not enough for all, be it ever so little, and they had to decide which were the most valuable lives to save. All seem to agree that Beirut and the Lebanon villages have lost about half their population—this not of any epidemic, but of sheer hunger.

HADJIN NEWS.

LETTER FROM REV. T. F. BARKER
(LATE OF HADJIN).

Fruitland, Ontario, Canada.

DEAR Friends—Allow me to introduce to you Rev. and Mrs. D. C. Eby, who were with us five years in Hadjin, Turkey. They are now returning to that field of labour, and will be hereafter the representatives of our Society there. Because of a physical breakdown in my health, it is impossible for me to leave Canada at present. But I rejoice to say that the Lord is using me among the Armenian and other foreign elements of Canada.

We are still so glad to know through your magazine

Workers under the Syria and Palestine Relief Fund are now busy here, enlarging the local work started during the war; but again the need can only practically be met with funds available. Food, paid work, and clothing are the most urgent needs, but in the near future someone will have to arrange for the large number of orphans left absolutely destitute. In connection with these an interesting thing has happened. As our army advanced here, the men collected starved children from the road, often lifting them off their dead parents. They fed them at first on their own rations, often going short to do so. The children have now attached themselves to the men, who, on their part, seem really fond of them. Syrian children can be very winsome. There is likely to be some difficulty about the future of these small "camp followers." Three were placed in the orphanages in Brumana, but ran away to the men again. On my return journey the Commissioner of the Unit, with whom I was travelling, was approached by a Y.M.C.A. officer, on behalf of a Tommy on the train who had his waif with him. He is expecting to be demobilized soon, and wants to get the child to England to his wife, and asked if there was any officer's wife returning who would take her. There are no wives cut here, so we could not help; but saw the child, a bright girl of about ten. The man described the pitiful state of dirt and starvation in which he had found her, but left the officer to tell us how he had shared food with her, clothed her, and, because she was too weak to travel, had paid for the care of her when he was transferred to Aleppo. He had now obtained leave, and was bringing her to be with him there. He knew no Arabic, and she no English, yet there was no doubt as to the devotion of the one to the other.

So Syrians themselves, Relief Fund workers, and also British Tommies, are helping the people of this needy land. The need truly is great, as in other parts of the world, we know; the relief available comparatively small, but to each comes the call to

"Yield thy poor best and muse not how or why
Lest one day, seeing all about thee spread
A mighty crowd, and marvellously fed,
Thy heart break out into a bitter cry,
I might have furnished, I, yea, even I,
The two small fishes and the barley bread."

of your continued interest in Armenia. Any service you may render to Mr. and Mrs. Eby will be deeply appreciated.

Yours in the interest of the needy,
THOS. FORD BARKER.

Hadjin,
Turkey, Asia Minor,
November 13th, 1919.

Dear Friends—After an absence of nearly five years, the Canadian Government at last granted us passports, and we are again in poor old needy Hadjin.

Arrived here safely Sept. 12th, and found fifty orphans on our compound waiting for us. These had been taken in by the Near East Relief.

You will find enclosed a letter of introduction from our former Superintendent, Mr. Barker. When that was written we hoped to go up to London, and call on you, but were disappointed, as our steamer only stayed a short time at Plymouth before going to France. I am enclosing two articles (one from Miss Bredemus, and one from Mrs. Eby) for your paper, *The Friend of Armenia*, if you care to use them. I wish we knew how to send you our subscription for that paper. We used to take it when here before, and we miss it so much. We cannot tell you how much we appreciated your help in our work in the past: the many orphans you helped us to support for years. I do wish you could see some of those who are alive and grown up. They have turned out far beyond all our expectations, and are now ready to become a blessing to their nation.

I cannot begin to describe the need here. Food is very scarce, and prices high. The people of this city have not used sugar for four years. Soap is also very scarce. For five years our girls have washed their heads each week with a sort of soapstone that is found on the mountains. They pour hot water on it, let it stand over night, and by morning it looks like mud. We started school without any chalk, slates, paper, or pencils, and very few books. This week we went to the mountain and dug out some pieces of slate rock, so now every child is the proud possessor of a slate of his own. The tiny pieces they use for pencils. It seems God always provides some substitute!

When we came here and found that there were no nails, glass, or lumber to be had, and that Government had forbidden any one to cut even a single tree down on the mountains, we wondered how we could rebuild. Yet we felt we must do something, so we are putting up a house with walls two feet thick of mud and stones, having a flat native roof. We got enough lumber to put a floor in the upstairs, from a man who had some logs hid, and these are now being sawed into lumber by hand, by poor men in our back yard. We have some flat red brick we made that we are using to put a floor in the downstairs. Though our new orphanage will not be very beautiful, yet we hope it will be the means of saving a few more lives this winter.

Yours on their behalf,

D. C. EBY (Rev.).

LIFE FOR TWENTY CENTS (about 10d.) A HEAD.

Mrs. D. C. EBY (of Hadjin).

SLOWLY the sun rose over the rim of the world, lighting up a new day—perhaps the last day many of them might see!

They were herded like cattle—a crowd of Armenian exiles on the banks of the Moorat river.

Among them was little Haratune Bogazian, a small boy of six, with his mother and grandmother.

Haratune's life, up to this time, had not been full

of sunshine. While he was yet a tiny babe his father was burned on a pile of wood, with other men of his native village, Bihboort, during the massacres of 1909.

Now he was on the river bank with the other exiles. A band of Turkish outlaws surrounded them. An announcement had been made that morning that all who had no money were to be thrown into the river.

"If you have money we will save you; but if you have none you will be drowned."

For one fearful moment they swung little Haratune high in the air about to dispose of him in this manner, when his grandmother quickly produced five piasters and saved his life!

She had scarcely time to draw a breath of relief before they demanded a price for her own head. But there was no more money, so they picked up grandmother and threw her into the river.

During this time the other outlaws were also busy with the same terrible work. Sobs and cries and vigorous protests rent the air.

Haratune's mother knew that her turn would come next, so in the wild confusion that now prevailed she grabbed Haratune by the hand and darted with him into the bushes at the rear!

Losing themselves quickly in these, they came at length to a field of barley, and crept into it. All day long they lay in this grainfield in an apprehension and fright!

Haratune always sobs when he gets to this part of the story. Then he proceeds to demonstrate how they went creeping, creeping, on all fours, through one field after another. At the slightest noise they halted in tense silence, poised for flight!

Stiff, sore, hungry, and miserable they stumbled at dusk on the camp of some friendly shepherds, who kindly ministered to their needs.

This day's journey has left an indelible impression on Haratune's young mind. At this point he never fails to tell that there was a baby in the camp, and how his mother held her hand over the baby's mouth lest it cry and attract attention to their hiding place.

Haratune was among the number of homeless orphans who were taken in from the Hadjin streets by the Relief worker, and he is now in our home.

All these children have their sad history. This morning a little boy, Matchair, who is not very strong yet, was brought to me,—

"This boy wakes up shrieking every night and makes such a noise he wakes the others," they said. "Why, boy, what's the matter?" I said. "Oh, I dream about the Turks," he answered, "I think they are after me. I hide in the bushes and behind the stones, but they always find me. I can't run fast enough to get away, and then I scream!"

The American Commission for Relief in the Near East are supporting about one hundred and fifty orphans in Hadjin, but do not feel able to take any more. There are still about five hundred orphans in the city. Our house is surrounded from daylight till dark with them, and also with other crowds of pleading, beseeching people. It is heartbreaking to us to turn them away day after day. Surely the Lord, Who so marvellously sustained them in the desert, has some plan for helping them through the coming winter.

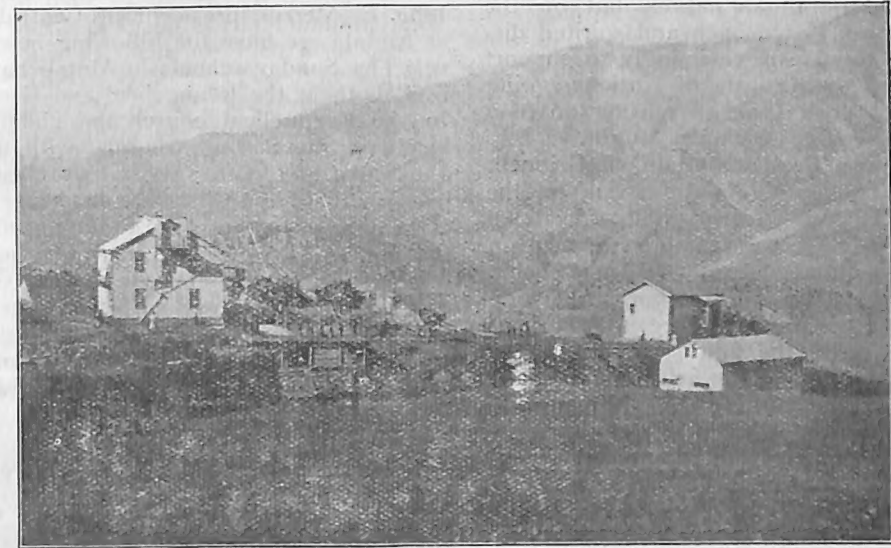
NEEDY HADJIN.

Miss KATHERINE BREDEMUS.

I wish I might describe to you the daily, I might say hourly scene around our missionary home on the mountain side. Sometimes before the light of day one hears talking. Upon investigation we learn that some women and children have already arrived from the city, and are at our doors, pleading for help and work. Our buildings in the city were all destroyed, so we are living in the former Rest Home on the mountain side, about one half hour's walk from Hadjin). One hesitates to ask them what they have come for. The answer is always given in their appear-

and thinly clad. She was only one of the many worn exiles who had survived the indescribable hardships of the desert, and while on her way back to her home in Caesarea, she took sick, and could go no farther, and was left in Hadjin.

"Oh, lady, surely you will not send me away without anything," she pleaded. "Eajee" (the Armenian word for sister), "we have no clothes, no blankets, some of our own orphan children are still without beds; there are so many who are poverty-stricken, how can we help everybody?" I replied. "Please go inside and find some old thing of yours, look at these rags," she said. Then I informed her that my trunks, which had been sent by freight from



"REST HOME," HADJIN.

ance: "Very little to eat, and no work." Groups of desolate widows and their suffering children. Some of their bodies are barely covered with rags; filth and disease abounds.

Some mothers' eyes are red from weeping. "What is to become of us?" they ask. "You must help us." "If only my husband were alive; he was such a good man." From daylight to dark they come, all with the same cry: "Food, clothes, work."

Only a few days ago, while hurrying from our home to attend to some duties in the orphanage building in our compound, one of the waiting crowd got hold of me. It was an old grandmother—worn,

America, had not yet reached me, and that I was in need of some of the things they contained, myself. "But if they come, perhaps—" She did not give me time to finish that sentence. "Oh, lady, will you promise to give me something if things arrive from America? I'm old, I'm weak, it is a long walk from the city, you see my condition." The desperateness of the situation makes help imperative. The Church has sent us out to preach the Gospel of peace and hope. Dare we approach them and say, "Go in peace, be warmed and filled," and not give them the things needful for the body? They are looking to us for proofs of the truth of our Gospel. Dare we disappoint them? Will you help us solve the problem?

Information taken from "The Missionary Herald." (October, November, and December.)

MARASH MOSLEM BECOMES A CHRISTIAN.

"A leading Turk in Marash, 150 miles north of Aleppo, where a couple of American missionaries were allowed to stay during the war, has just become a Christian, and is carrying on evangelistic work among his friends. He was a Moslem priest, and became a Christian after long study. He announced

his conversion in a mosque there. If the British had not been in the city he would have been promptly killed, but from present appearances he is going to make a dent in Islam in that place. I am anxious to see how the punishment the war gave the Turk affects his impermeability as regards Christianity. I hope the Marash example will be repeated in many places, for

the only way to change the ideas of the Turks at large is through the leadership of other Turks. Here in Harpoot many Kurds who would not attend a Christian college before the war have been inquiring when the college would open, and have announced their desire to attend."

TURKEY TO-DAY.

The first session of the American Board's annual meeting had for its subject, "After a Century of Missionary Work in the Turkish Empire"—"Portraying Turkey," one attendant put it more briefly. The National Council had not waited for the American Board experts on Eastern affairs to arrive with their convincing statements of the situation, but on the afternoon of October 22, after open and spirited discussion, the Council voted overwhelmingly to support the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations, going on record as eager to do its part in putting on to a working basis the ideals for which we fought.

When, in the evening, President Main, of Grinnell, was introduced by President Moore to speak on the obligation of America for Armenia, he faced an audience full of a vision broad enough to take in world interests, and with a sense of world citizenship which made them eager to know where our own nation should take its place with reference to Turkey. President Main was one of the first seven who went into Turkey last year to survey the field and to make plans for the Near East Relief. He is a big man, and has a powerful personality. With all his force he urged America's obligation to support an independent Armenia. It would be, he declared, an everlasting disgrace for us to hold back and leave to its certain destruction the race which appeals to us.

The next three speakers had spent the war years in Asia Minor. Mr. Luther R. Fowle, assistant treasurer of the three Turkey Missions, not only carried the treasury work at the American Board's headquarters in Constantinople after Treasurer Peet's enforced withdrawal, but presently found himself representing the A.C.R.N.E. in money distribution, and our own and Allied governments on the diplomatic side. Mr. Fowle told of the twenty points of light in a dark cloud, and of the heroism which kept American men and women on duty under conditions which can hardly be described, but where their Christian devotion radiated far and near.

President Bliss, of the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, pressed the reconstruction work in Syria back upon the reconstructed vision and action of the American churches; and Pres. Alexander MacLachlan, of the International College in Smyrna, told of the wonderful removal of racial barriers—Greeks, Armenians, Turks, Jews, English, Arabs, Austrians, Americans, Dutch, Albanians, and Poles being numbered among his college's students—and also related wonderful instances of Moslem desire for education and for help.

Then Secretary Barton spoke very briefly of the Board on the Threshold of the Second Century in Turkey. Through the missionary operations which began when Levi Parsons and Pliny Fiske went to Turkey, a hundred years ago in November, the Christian people of America have come to know Turkey as no other nation knows her; and the

people of Turkey know America as the home of the missionaries whom they trust and to whom they turn to-day for steadying, hopeful, enlightening forces. Dr. Barton quoted appeals from Bulgarians, Greeks, Georgians, Serbians, Kurds, and from Turks themselves, that American missionaries be multiplied and the institutions they stand for be increased. "A century ago we faced an unknown land; to-day we are invited by all peoples to come in and possess the country in the name of the Lord. What is our answer?"

RECENT NEWS FROM AINTAB.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Merrill, wife of Dr. John E. Merrill, president of Central Turkey College at Aintab, we have the following news paragraphs:—

"The Sunday schools in Aintab have been reorganized, both in the Evangelical and Gregorian churches. In the Evangelical church the children's department meets in the Second Church, with a membership of about 650 and with twenty-four classes. The adults meet in the First Church, and owing to lack of sufficient number of teachers, the lesson is taught from the pulpit. A normal class of the Sunday school teachers of all the churches meets once a week for study of the lesson. The lesson notes for each week are prepared by Mr. Merrill a month in advance, and printed once a week in the religious edition of the *Guide (Rahnuma)*, the little tri-weekly paper printed on the college press.

TWO STRONG SOCIETIES.

"The 'Lovers of Christ' and the 'Lovers of Souls,' the two societies for the deepening of spiritual life and for personal work in the Evangelical and Gregorian communities, respectively, have both reorganized since the return from exile, and are doing good work. The society called the 'Lover of Souls' employs an evangelist, who goes about to the homes and shops and has personal conversations with men and women about their spiritual life. He reports eight to ten conversations a day. They also want to employ a woman worker, especially to reach the many refugee women in the city.

"A Christian Endeavour Society has been formed among the young men, and is backed up by the older men in the 'Lovers of Souls' society. Some of the boys who have been soldiers and returned, others who have suffered much, are active in this society. There are about sixty members.

"College is to open the middle of October. Over 250 applications have been made for entrance; only about fifty of these, however, will be able to pay. Industrial self-help is most urgently needed for the rest. As only the preparatory classes are to be conducted this year, many of the older students are leaving for Tarsus College.

OORFA PEOPLE FEEL DESOLATE.

The Christians in Oorfa feel very much alone. No one interested in the church has visited them for a long time. There is great poverty and many hardships. Of the 2,000 members of the Evangelical community, only 200 are left. A priest had come for

the Gregorian church, but many of the Gregorians seemed to prefer to attend the Evangelical church, and so the church attendance is about a thousand. Many people have only a tin cup, the clothes on their backs, such as they are, and a quilt shared by the four or five members of the family; yet the 200 Protestants had pledged two liras (gold) a month towards the pastor's salary! In Oorfa itself the political situation is quiet, but there are murders every day in the neighbourhood of the city.

HAROUNIA ORPHANAGE, ADANA.

Miss Mary G. Webb writes of an orphanage near Adana, lately turned over to the A.C.R.N.E.:

"This house will accommodate 200 children, and is it almost full. Most of them are such little tots—from two to ten or twelve years of age. The bigger ones are appointed to care for the little ones. Each little 'mother' and 'father' has eight little ones to wash and dress and care for generally. At meal time each little 'mother,' with her flock, sits on the floor round a low table. For cleaning the house they have no brooms, only bunches of twigs tied together. But the whole place is washed every day, as a hospital is washed, and so is kept quite clean."

Gleanings from Information Received Through Miss Wheeler, America.

Harpoot, Turkey,

August 11, 1919.

My dear Friends—After a wonderful journey of three weeks from New York to Constantinople, and a wait there of eleven weeks, and then another of two weeks by train, auto-truck, and Ford, I reached Harpoot on June 8th, three-and-a-half years after I left it. I found very many changes, chief of which were the absence of faces always familiar here, and the presence of a multitude of orphans whom I had never seen before. Our schools are turned into orphanages, and the rooms that were always used for certain purposes—the rooms where I had lived and been so comfortable and happy—are now emptied of all their former furniture, and are used as dormitories for poor little sufferers. Many of the children have been here long enough now to be looking well, but we have plenty who show the marks of starvation, malnutrition, and cruel treatment. For the summer, the great majority of the orphans are out in the villages where they live out of doors all the time, night and day, and where they have a chance to bathe and eat fruit, and get well and strong. We have now in our care 1,560 children and about 120 women, who are wholly dependent on us and in our buildings. Besides these, there are about 300 children whom we support in their own homes, and 500 or more orphans in other orphanages, towards whose support we give some money and clothing. There are a large number of poor people—sick or blind or very old—who cannot earn their own support, to whom we give a little help, just enough to keep them alive.

My share in all this work is at present admitting orphans after investigation, and also giving out the

money to help the poor, also after investigation. I am on the Orphanage Committee, and have my share of the oversight of orphanage homes, and once a week I have the women in charge of the children come together for a meeting, at which time we can talk over the problems and difficulties, and make rules for the management of all this large group of children. Another job that falls to me is the granting of all permissions for absences from the homes. Some want to go away for a week, some for the whole summer, and some for a day. They have to come to me, and I give them a slip which they must return to me at the end of the time. This takes a good deal of time. A great deal of time, too, goes to individuals who want to talk things over with someone, and as I know their language, and have known them for years, they naturally come to me. And now I am at the head of the Committee for arranging for the schools for all these children during the coming winter. Those who are old enough to work for their living must do so; but there are a great number of children who are just at the age when they must be educated to make them ready for the future. We may be able to combine studies and learning a trade for some of the older ones. There are many problems to be solved in connection with this whole matter.

Before we returned from America, there was a period of two years when there were no Americans here at all. A Danish lady, Miss Jacobsen, who has been with us for some years, was in sole charge, and it is wonderful to see what a lot of work she was able to accomplish all by herself. A dozen of us have come and taken over her work and it keeps all of the dozen busy as bees all the time. I trust you will keep up your interest in Harpoot, and in my work here, and that you will do your part to uphold it.

Yours sincerely,

MARY W. RIGGS.

A View from the Outside.

MISS CHARLOTTE F. GRANT, of Aintab, gives a picture of the children and the worker at Aintab. She says:

"Miss Frearson, of Aintab, is a living example of the faithful ones. Often in great weakness and pain she is carrying on her great work of love. Her children are so dear. It is one of my greatest pleasures to spend a night or a few hours even with them. One would think it would be a noisy place for a rest, but three hundred little people get up and meander in and out this labyrinthian "Ginger-bread-palace" like a swarm of bees, and with scarce more noise than the hum of the busy hive, until suddenly the morning song before the meal is wafted sweetly up to your bedroom, and you realize it is time to get up. Even Dixie, the doggie, is so well trained he never makes a yip unless a stranger knocks at the door—until the meal is finished, and then there is a grand rush for the playground.

"Oh! if I had five thousand dollars, do you know what I would do? I'd build a wall around the outside of their land so these poor little things could really run and play—and I'd plant a few trees so they need not bake and broil all summer in the sun. Then I'd

have a water supply, so they would not have to go two weeks without baths, and bring water up on their donkey from the city.

"With all food and everything so expensive, it requires close management to keep all these little ones fed and clothed. It is wonderful how well they are—rarely ever one is seriously ill."

Miss Frearson writes from Aintab:—"I feel that eternity will not be long enough in which to praise God for all He has done for us this year. Money for



CARRYING HOME HIS DINNER.

our needs has been sent little by little, so that although the poverty has been very great, we have had enough to eat every day, and have also been able to help others.

"Through this calamity I have learned to know God in a way I did not before. There is abundant need for money. There are so many widows to help that I hardly know which way to turn. Some could do good work as Bible women, and I am so grateful for the money sent by Miss H. with which to employ those women for this year."

ONCE MORE THE BELLS.

By Rev. EDWARD C. WOODLEY, of Marash, Central Turkey.

ONE of the most striking and pathetic features of the recent persecution of the Armenians has been the manner in which they have clung to everything which linked them with their past. The incident which follows is a touching instance of this.

At the beginning of the war the bells in all the Christian churches throughout Turkey ceased to sound the call to worship. Bells are an offence to the Moslem at the best of times, and it was felt that to ring them under conditions then existing would be to invite trouble. So very reluctantly the bell cords were hung up until better times. The sight of the silent bells was a bitter reminder of other days, but

"Another widow has a son who has a stocking machine, but because they have not the money to get cotton, he cannot work. I long to spend the money just as our Divine Master would have it spent, and I ask the prayers of our friends that I may be wise in its distribution."

Later she writes:—"I have been down to see after the industrial work that I had started in Beilan, and on my return, found your welcome letter. Thank you very much indeed for the money that reached here while I was away. Now I am writing to ask if you can allow us to take in more children, for every day, since I got home, people are coming *begging* me to take them in. Some say that they even cannot find dry bread; I would send you photographs, but one even dreads to take their photograph, and give the slightest hope they will be received, unless there is some likelihood of it; but if you can assure us that they could be supported, how *thankfully* would we make selections."

"It was a real refreshment to me to see the earnestness of the simple village Christians. It was pathetic to listen to the stories of how, in the time when they were being fired on, by Moslem neighbours, and being defended by another set of Moslem neighbours, who came to help them—they found that their God could keep them from great fear. They told me they sang Martin's hymn, and at once the men began to sing it. We were walking through a vineyard, going one by one, and it was sweet to hear their voices ring out the truths of God's faithfulness."

"We are praising God for good showers this week; for we trust it will bring down the prices of food. The children were told that two or three good rains, this month, would be all that was required before harvest; so they at once began to pray, and I wish you could have seen their faces on Thursday, when for a few hours it poured. We had been having beautiful weather, warm and sunny; but, of course, with the rain came clouds and cold wind, such weather as children don't like; but no, they did not seem to mind that. With some children it was, 'I asked; God gave,' and they seemed to enter into a new relationship with Him. I am always so thankful for these helps to their faith."

the hope lived on that some day the bells would again ring forth to declare the downfall of oppression and tyranny.

A more severe trial of faith, however, was still in store. In 1917, learning that Germany had melted down the bells in her churches, the Turkish leaders decided that the chance of adding another affliction to the load which the Armenians were already carrying was too good to be lost; so the order was issued that all bells should be seized, melted down, and the metal put to military uses. The order was ruthlessly obeyed, and to add to the indignity it was decided that the bell metal should be used to make stirrups,

so that the Christian population might be finally convinced, in this realistic fashion, that they were under the feet of their Moslem lords.

But the new day has dawned in Turkey. Just before I left one of the leaders of the Gregorian community in Marash called on me and handed me a considerable sum of money, with the request that when I reached America I should buy a good bell and ship it to Marash as soon as possible. The bell was to be a good one—better in tone than any which had yet rung in the city; and if the money was insufficient, more would be sent. The people, even in

their poverty, would not allow the church bell to be silent a day longer than was necessary. So the bell is to be bought, and in due time the Armenians of Marash will hear its call, which, in addition to summoning them to worship, will preach a sermon on the reward of faith.

One cannot but feel that this little incident is suggestive. It is another testimony to the unshakable faith of the Armenian people in their Church, and what it stands for, which centuries of bitter persecution have made a part of the national character.

—The Missionary Herald, October, 1919.

A COLLEGE AS A PRISON CAMP.

By Pres. ALEXANDER MacLACHLAN, D.D., of Smyrna.

It was inevitable that all educational institutions in Turkey, and especially those belonging to enemy countries, should suffer grievously during the Great War. Some of the American colleges, especially those in Constantinople, Smyrna, and Beirut, owing to the special favour of the imperial or provincial authorities, were exceptions to this rule.

In the case of the International College, its attendance was reduced to one-fourth, its income from students to one-sixth, and its active teaching staff to one-third. This was due to the calling of students in the upper classes and of some of the staff to military service, to the closing up of the preparatory department, owing to depleted teaching force, and to the closing of the boarding department, owing to the impossibility of securing food supplies. It will be interesting to discover, when data is available, on what fronts our students served, and how many of them made the supreme sacrifice.

But it is of a unique and interesting contribution which it fell to the lot of the college in Smyrna to make, and which has called forth the generous recognition of the British Government, that I wish to tell the readers of the *Missionary Herald*. The Government's letter follows:—

Rev. A. MacLachlan, D.D.,
President of the International College,
Smyrna.

Sir,

I am directed by His Majesty's Government to convey to you the sincere gratitude of the Army Council and their deep sense of appreciation of the kind assistance and hospitality extended by you to released prisoners of war, officers and men, both British and Indian, at Smyrna.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) Richard Webb, Rear Admiral,
for High Commissioner.

In June, 1918, those of us who had spent the four long years of the war on the college campus (some of us as prisoners of war) learned that in accordance with the terms of the Berne Convention for the exchange of wounded and permanently disabled military prisoners of war which had just been concluded between the British and Turkish Governments, a large number of British prisoners would pass through our

city on their way to home and liberty. They would probably remain some time in Smyrna awaiting the ships to convey them either to England or India. An intimation, from the Governor-General of the Province, of the expected early arrival of these prisoners—the knowledge that our Paradise campus and empty buildings offered by far the most suitable place for a prison camp, together with our own desire to have the college in some way do its "bit" on behalf of the great cause, made us ready and even eager to accept the suggestion made to the writer personally, that our institution at Paradise would suit admirably for the temporary accommodation of these fellow-countrymen of mine.

The refusal of the German Government to exempt from submarine attack the ships carrying these wounded and disabled prisoners of war, delayed for two or three months the arrival and forwarding them, and it was not until the eleventh of September, 1918, that the first group of officers and men from one of the interior prison camps reached Paradise.

Within the next three months more than two thousand British military prisoners of war found a welcome and a temporary home in our college premises—many of them for a period of seven weeks, until the first ship arrived on November 1 to carry them from their long exile in Turkey to the homeland. It was not until December 17 that the last shipload left us—the entire period of their sojourn with us lasting thus from September 11 to December 17. Of the two thousand thus accommodated, fully one-half were Indians of various castes, religions, and races—Sikhs, Gurkhas, Pathans, Mohammedans, etc.; and of the entire company perhaps 1,500 were survivors from the Kut-el-Amara garrison, and belonged to the Indian Army. The remaining 500, taken prisoners for the most part, either on the Gallipoli peninsula or on the Egyptian and Palestine fronts, were chiefly from the British Isles—English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, etc., with a considerable number of Colonials—Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, etc., so that for the time being our college campus had, not only the appearance of a veritable Champ-de-Mars, but was racially representative of the world-wide British Empire.

It was assuredly a great joy and privilege to minister in every way possible to those who had survived the horrors of war, the rigours of a long and trying imprisonment, and who in many cases reached us in

the last stages of exhaustion and collapse. But notwithstanding our efforts to save all those who had thus reached the very threshold of home and loved ones, nineteen of them found their last resting place there, and most of them now sleep under the mounds of poppies in the little "God's Acre" which we set apart for them at the western end of our campus.

Although we were richly compensated for any help and cheer we were able to render them by the friendships formed during those weeks and months of fellowship, and by many expressions of gratitude and appreciation, the British officers among them have permanently commemorated their sojourn with us by richly designed gifts in silver to the college and to some of its staff. In addition to a beautiful silver service to the President and Mrs. MacLachlan and a large and valuable silver fruit basket to the Dean and Mrs. Reed, they have had The Goldsmiths and Silver-smiths Co., Ltd., of Regent Street, London, design and prepare a magnificent Sports Challenge Cup, which these guests have presented to the college.

It is difficult to describe this piece of work. It stands 26 inches high and is 16 inches wide at the base. The cover of the cup is surmounted by a beautiful figure of Mercy, with outstretched wings. Moulded into the rim of the cup, in heavy letters, are the words, "I was in prison and ye came unto me"; while on one face is a complete impression, in partial relief, of the main building of the college, with figures of soldiers and students in the foreground. On the other face of the cup is beautifully inscribed the presentation inscription, as follows:—

BRITISH OFFICER PRISONERS OF WAR SPORTS
CHALLENGE CUP

For best all-round Student of the Year.
Presented to the International College at Paradise, Smyrna, by the British Officers who, with their men, enjoyed the hospitality of the college and experienced the splendid charity of the college staff, during the last and happiest weeks of their long captivity in Turkey through the years of the Great War 1914-1918 A.D.

At the base of the cup the British and American flags are crossed—the flags in coloured enamel. On one side of the base pedestal is an eight-inch figure in silver of a wounded British officer; and on the other side a similar figure of a wounded Indian officer. Around the upper part of the ebony base are ten silver shields, on which are to be inscribed each year the name of the student having the highest combined standing in scholarship and athletics.

—*The Missionary Herald*, October, 1919.

FUTURE OF ARMENIA.

The British Armenia Committee, through Viscount Bryce, Mr. G. P. Gooch, Dr. Scott Lidgett, the Rev. F. B. Meyer, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., and Mr. Aneurin Williams, M.P., have submitted to the Government a memorandum in which the two main propositions are thus expressed:

"The Committee ask that the whole of ex-Ottoman Armenia be finally and completely separated from the Ottoman Empire, and that, failing an American mandate over the entire country, the Ottoman Armenian provinces which border on the Erivan Republic be at once united with that Republic, together with a port on the Black Sea. The Government's reaffirmation of their previous assurances gives the Committee confidence that these ends, which in their opinion are the minimum demanded by considerations of humanity as well as by the interests of the British Empire, will be attained in the Peace Settlement."

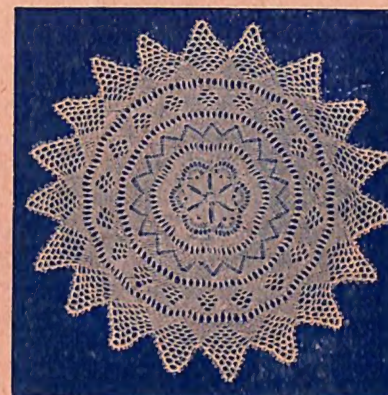
The Orphans' Orphanage.

There were one hundred orphans in the Orphanage at Erivan when Dr. Raynolds, who had charge of it was obliged to leave. These children wished to do something to enlarge the good work begun, feeling it would cheer Dr. Raynolds, so they gathered together another hundred orphans, and brought them to the Orphanage to be cared for and to share what they had themselves. Consequently this Orphanage is now known as "The Orphans' Orphanage."

Readers Please Note!

Owing to pressure of work in the Office last Autumn, the Editress had not been able to issue the Magazine due last quarter. This number is, therefore, a double number, as it contains the information which should have been issued in the fourth magazine for last year as well as the later information recently received. The Balance Sheet for 1919 and the Subscription Lists for last half year will appear in the next magazine.

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1. **The Tragedy of Armenia.** By the late American Ambassador at Constantinople, HENRY MORGENTHAU. 1918. 3d.
2. **Tragedy of the Caucasus.** By MICHAEL VARANDIAN. 1918. 3d.
3. **The Armenian Question in the American House of Representatives.** A Speech by Lieut.-Col. LITTLE, of Kansas. 1918. 3d.
4. **Impressions of Armenia.** By Lieut.-Col. the Hon. WALTER GUINNESS, D.S.O., M.P. (Illustrated.) 1918. 3d.
5. **The Armenians.** By EMILY J. ROBINSON. 1918. 3d.
6. **Armenia's Charter.** An Appreciation of the Services of Armenians to the Allied Cause. By LLOYD GEORGE, M. CLEMENCEAU, A. J. BALFOUR, Lord ROBERT CECIL, Viscount BRYCE, and General ALLENBY. 1918. 3d.
7. **Constantinople, the Solar Plexus of the War.** By an Obscure Diplomatist. 1918. 3d.
8. **The Armenian Trek.** By C. L. McCLUER STEVENS. 1918. 3d.
9. **The Future of the Near East.** By Col. Sir MARK SYKES, Bt., M.P. 1918. 3d.
10. **The Clean Fighting Turk, Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow.** Foreword by Sir H. H. JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., D.Sc. 1918. 3d.
11. **The Children of the Illuminator.** By the Rev. Father NICOLAI VELIMIROVIC, D.D. 1918. 3d.
12. **Parliamentary Debates: Armenia.** 1918. 3d.
13. **The Future of Armenia.** By Viscount BRYCE, O.M. 1918. 3d.
14. **The Christian Peoples of the East.** By Bishop H. BURY. 1919. 3d.
15. **Armenia's Charter.** (Leaflet.) (Letters exchanged between Lord ROBERT CECIL and Viscount BRYCE.) Reprinted from the "Westminster Gazette." 1918. 12 for 3d.
16. **Armenians and Baku.** (Leaflet.) (Letters exchanged between Lord ROBERT CECIL and Viscount BRYCE.) Reprinted from the "Daily Telegraph." 1918. 12 for 3d.
17. **Transcaucasia and the Caspian.** (Leaflet.) Reprinted from the "Globe." 1918. 12 for 3d.
18. **Turkish Enormities.** (Leaflet.) Appeal by the Armenian National Delegation. 1918. 12 for 1d.

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Books and Pamphlets on Armenia and the Armenian Question.

1. **The Treatment of Armenians in the Ottoman Empire, 1915-16.** Document presented to Viscount Grey of Falloden by Viscount BRYCE. Hodder & Stoughton, London, E.C. 1916. 3s.
2. **Armenia and the War.** By A. P. HACOBIAN. With a Preface by the Right Hon. Viscount BRYCE, O.M. Hodder & Stoughton, London. 1917. 2s. 6d.
3. **Armenia: Travels and Studies.** By HENRY F. H. LYNCH. Longmans, Green & Co., London. 1901.
4. **Armenia: Past and Present.** By W. LLEW. WILLIAMS. I. "The Land and the People." II. "Historical." III. "The Modern Problem." With Appendix, Maps and Index. P. S. King & Son, Ltd., Westminster. 1917. 3s. 6d.
5. **Round about Armenia.** The record of a journey across the Balkans through Turkey, the Caucasus, and Persia. By E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETTS. Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Ltd. 1917. 2s. net.
6. **Travel and Politics in Armenia.** By NOEL BUXTON, M.P., and the Rev. HAROLD BUXTON. With an Introduction by Viscount BRYCE, and a Contribution on Armenian History, Culture, and Characteristics, by ARAM RAFFI. John Murray, London, 5s. net.
7. **Crescent and Iron Cross.** By E. F. BENSON. Hodder & Stoughton. 1918. 5s. net.
8. **Martyred Armenia.** By FAIZ EL-GLUSEIN, a Bedouin. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 1918. 3d.
9. **Armenian Legends and Poems,** illustrated and compiled by ZABELLE C. BOYAJIAN. With an Introduction by Viscount BRYCE, and a Contribution on "Armenia: its Epics, Folk Songs, and Mediaeval Poetry," by ARAM RAFFI. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London; E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 1916. 21s.
10. **The Armenian Church.** By ARCHDEACON DOWLING, D.D., Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1910. 3s. 6d.
11. **The Armenian Liturgy.** Cope and Fenwick. 5s. 6d. net.
12. **Germany, Turkey and Armenia.** A selection of documentary evidence relating to the Armenian Atrocities from German and other sources. J. J. Keliher & Co., Ltd., London. 1917.
13. **The Murderous Tyranny of the Turks.** By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE, with a Preface by Viscount BRYCE. Hodder & Stoughton, London. 1917. 2d.
14. **Armenia and the Armenians.** By EMILY J. ROBINSON. Pamphlet, price 1d., by post 1d., 7s. 6d. per 100 copies. May be had from Miss Robinson, 35a, Elsham Road, Kensington, W.
15. **Two Years of War Seen at Constantinople.** By Dr. H. STUERMER. Hodder & Stoughton. 1917. 6s.
16. **The Blackest Page in Modern History.** Armenian events of 1915. The Facts and Responsibilities. By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS, Ph.D. New York and London. Putnam. 3s. 6d.
17. **The Path of Glory.** By JOSEPH HOCKING. Hodder & Stoughton. 1917. 2s. 6d.
18. **The Church of Armenia.** By Mgr. MALACHIA ORMANIAN. Translated by G. Marcar Gregory, V.D., 36, Gunterstone Road, West Kensington, London, W. 6s. net. Postage 4d.
19. **Raffi's Works.** Mme. RAFFI, 32, Richmond Gardens, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.
20. **Reveries on a Stormy Seas.** By KHOSROV, 7, Bridge Terrace, Maidstone, 1s. 1d.
21. **The People of Armenia.** By ARCHAG TCHOBIANIAN. Translated into English by G. Marcar Gregory, V.D., 36 Gunterstone Road, West Kensington, W. 1s. 6d. net.
22. **The Meeting of the Kings.** By KHRIMENA HAIRIK. English Version by P. TONAPETEAN and LAWRENCE BONYON. 53, Addison Gardens, London, W. 1915. 1s.
23. **Leavening the Levant.** By JOSEPH K. GREENE, D.D., Boston. The Pilgrim's Press. 7s.
24. **From Turkish Toils.** The Narrative of an Armenian Family's Escape. By Mrs. ESTHER MUGERDITCHIAN. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 1918. 3d.
25. **Ararat.** A monthly journal devoted to Armenia and the Near East. 47a, Redcliffe Square, London S.W.10. Annual Subscription, 10s.
26. **The Armenian Herald.** Published monthly. 401-403, Old South Building, Boston. \$1.00 a year.
27. **The New Armenia.** A Literary and Political Periodical. 949, Broadway, New York. Yearly \$2.50.